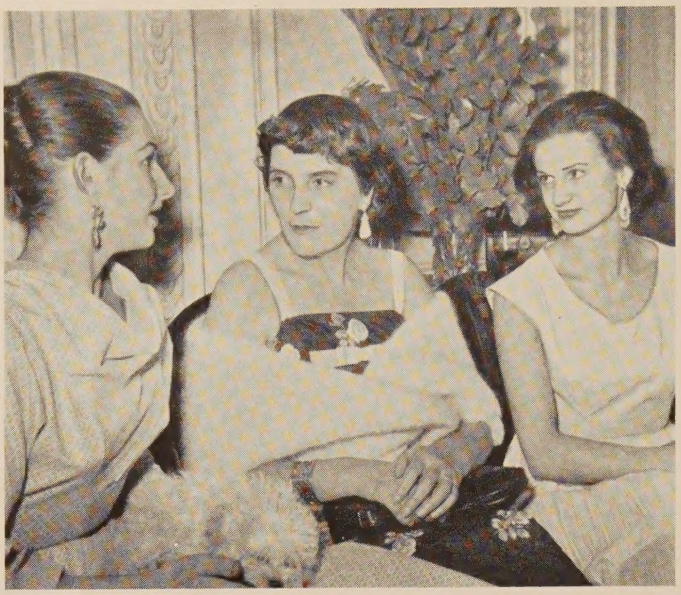
BALLET
TODAY

GALINA ULANOVA
Bolshoi Theatre Ballet

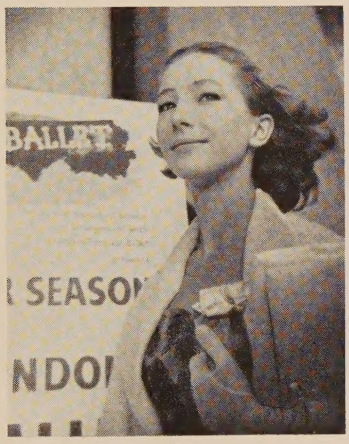
OCTOBER, 1956
Price 1/6

Ballet Today



GEORGE HALL, Editor of this season's best seller *London's Festival Ballet Annual* (and Chairman of the Gray's Inn Press who published it) gave a party during September to celebrate the opening of the firm's new offices in Shaftesbury Avenue, London. Mr. Hall called this a "Wine and Cheese" Party, but as he is a connoisseur of food, many unusual and delicious delicacies were served and appreciated by the guests, amongst whom were most of the members of the Festival Ballet Company. With their London season now at an end, the Festival Ballet are taking a well earned month's holiday before a very busy season ahead. In the picture on the right, Marilyn Burr nursing her six-week's old poodle—Candy—is telling me her plans for her holiday, whilst Anita Landa looks on. Marilyn is staying in England, John Gilpin will spend his time in Italy—and the indefatigable Anton Dolin is off to Jugoslavia to put on a ballet there and to coach Miles Marsden in the role of Albrecht. Dolin predicts a great future for this 20-year-old American boy, who studied under Ana Roje at the Legat School. *Photo*: Mike Davis.

BACKSTAGE



CHRYSTL ZIMMERL caught by the camera taking a busman's holiday as she enters Festival Hall for the evening performance of Festival Ballet. Featured as our cover girl in November last year, this beautiful seventeen-year-old star of the Vienna Staatsoper came to London this summer, but not for a holiday—all her time was taken up by classes and watching performances by other Companies and dancers. *Photo*: Mike Davis.

WHY do newspapers and cartoonists always depict ballet enthusiasts as freaks? There are types of course, but ballet is not a queer cult practised and enjoyed only by fanatics. To-day it is an accepted form of entertainment and the people who indulge in it are just as ordinary—and normal—as any crowd at a football match, or a queue at the cinema. Why did it make Eve Perrick—columnist in a national daily—"mad" to see the queue which formed for the Bolshoi seats. Was it because "in doing it the hard way" they shewed enthusiasm. Surely in these days of "couldn't care less" a little healthy enthusiasm does not come amiss. I repeat *healthy* for at least after an evening at the ballet we often come away with a certain uplift, which is more than can be said of many other forms of entertainment, and is very necessary if we are to cope with this world of grim reality—and remain sane.

LAST year Nika Nilanova (formerly a ballerina of the Munich State Ballet Company) was appointed choreographer and ballet mistress of the Hagen State Ballet Company in Germany. In July she offered a contract to Angela Day to join the Company as a solo dancer. Miss Day, the only British dancer in the Company, met with considerable success, and has now been offered a further contract which she has accepted. Her roles have included the Nocturne and Waltz in *Les Sylphides* and she was dancing

Angela Day

with the Company when Irene Skorik appeared with them as guest artist.

THE death of Baron in September was received with great sorrow in ballet circles. His photography has set a standard in most spheres in which he worked, but his pictures of and books on dancers are amongst his finest work. Typical of his genius with the camera were the wonderful photographs he took of Alicia Markova as *The Dying Swan*, which we published some months ago. We received many, many letters from readers all over the world telling us how deeply affected they were by the poignant beauty of these photographs.

THIS MONTH

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NEXT MONTH

SVETLANA BERIOSOVA
in our
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IN
PICTURES
feature.

Four-page
Supplement
story and
pictures

Photo opposite:
By Baron

Published and Edited by Estelle Herf from 15, *Upper Brighton Road, Surbiton, Surrey*, (*Telephone*: *Elmbridge* 9743) *to which all Editorial, advertising and other communications should be addressed.*

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LONDON SCENE

As the Covent Garden porter pushes his produce through to the early morning market on Friday the queue begins to form for the opening of the Royal Opera House box office on the following Monday for the sale of seats for the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet's season, commencing in October. The first arrivals make up their beds on the pavement in readiness for their long wait of three days and three nights. By Monday morning the queue was so vast that the box office could not deal with all applicants, and many had to wait yet another day.

MANY attempts have been made to bring over dancers from the famous Bolshoi Theatre since the war ended, and in the summer of 1954 members of this famous Company headed by Galina Ulanova did reach Paris, only to be told by their Ambassador that their performances had been indefinitely postponed.

It is due to the combined persuasive powers of Dame Ninette de Valois, director, and David Webster, general administrator, of the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, that we are now to see this Company's first performance for the Western world since they appeared in Florence in 1951.

There is no doubt that their visit is eagerly awaited, and excitement is mounting as the time draws near. Speculation is rife as to whether Ulanova or Fonteyn will be as great, or greater, than each other; who will be the world's greatest ballerina, will the Soviet productions outclass our own. The appetite of the Western world has been whetted by the recent film *Romeo and Juliet*, featuring Ulanova.

No doubt similar speculation is being made in Moscow where our own Sadler's Wells Ballet will open for a three and a half week season on November 14th, but these things are not important—what is important is the fact that at last two fine Companies, representing two great nations, are to meet and exchange ideas on each other's ground. Writing under Paris news last month, Ferdinand Reyna says of the Stanislavski Ballet " It is as if time has stood still since the moment Diaghilev left Russia . . . such are the fruits of 35 years of isolation, to-day, more than ever, art lives by contacts . . ."

Well we shall see . . . and judge for ourselves, and my own opinion is that both Companies will learn much from each other because you cannot, completely, " isolate " the artistic mind, it will always develop in any environment in which it finds itself and bring forth something worthwhile.

To all the members of the Bolshoi Theatre we say " welcome to England, may you have a happy and successful season at the Royal Opera House, and in the welcome you are bound to receive from the English people may you sense something of the regret we have all felt at not seeing you long before this."

And to our own Sadler's Wells Ballet, going out to Russia for the first time—" Godspeed and, good luck. Despite the fact that you are, by Russian standards, a young company of only twenty-five years standing, we know you will do well, and we are very proud that you are representing English ballet ".

LONDON BALLET MONTH

REVIEWS

FESTIVAL BALLET

FESTIVAL Ballet's season at Royal Festival Hall offered the, by now expected, surprise items during several programmes—even if these surprises were not quite the ones the management meant us to enjoy. Simply because no other company of the right size and composition carries *Petrouchka* in its repertoire, this company's version is worth seeing. It has recently been worked upon by Grigorief, who has directed and stage-managed several hundred performances of it during the 45 years since its creation; like *Hamlet*, like *Don Giovanni*, like the *Ninth Symphony*, you can't spoil it unless you deliberately set out to do so: this quality of imperviousness that great creations bear allows the widest latitude for interpretation—a latitude that nevertheless must be respected. Dolin, Anita Landa and Louis Godfrey were a well-matched trio; I don't find Mr. Dolin's Petrouchka as moving as earlier interpreters of the role I have seen, but he performs it with respect, with sensibility, and with a clear regard for the fact that it is a story about three central characters—not simply one. Anita Landa has the right sharpness and prettiness of physical appearance and style, and she can dance the limited (but very revealing) choreography utterly easily.

Louis Godfrey moves well, looks like the right sort of dark brute, but tends to stress the comic possibilities of the Moor at the expense of the creature's stolidity, insensibility and strength. The ensembles seemed less urgent and powerful than in the earlier production; but the whole ballet had the air of having been re-studied with care, completely re-rehearsed, and danced by a company which, at last, seems to understand what this great tragedy is about. And according to report, this company will soon cease to hold its monopoly of the ballet; it would do well to polish this version so that all its audiences during the next twelve months will be aware that they have looked at a Fokine masterpeice, done with some respect for its creator's intentions. The engagement of Mlle. Josette Clavier seemed, on paper, to be the customary habit of this company—to show as guest artists in its London season dancers of some reputation, or up-and-coming talents of real quality. Wherever Mlle. Clavier has danced before, she has not yet graduated into the class which justifies her being given the roles of Odette and Giselle; both were of a certain interest (even if that interest was from time to time submerged by a sense of outrage as one watched her inept behaviour), but their total impact did not compensate for the fact that one knew that at least three top-rankers in the company could have given infinitely more moving, beautiful and memorable versions of either of these roles.

Belinda Wright, who has danced Giselle before in London with the Ballet Rambert, gave a very fine rendering partnered by Dolin (August 16th). The absolutely unique qualities of her superb blend of electrifying classicism, subtle delicacy of projection-style, and her tender, lyric kind of personality, seemed hardly the best qualification for a Giselle of top quality. But if one may suggest scales of measurement for this role, hers was an originally accented, finely imagined, and very completely projected character—in a minor key, as it were. She stressed—inevitably, perhaps—the delicacy, native ignorance, simplicity of the girl; but a really powerful Giselle must suggest an innocent stupidity in the first act and a transcendental purity of personality in the second act . . . and Miss Wright is just too intelligent to be able to convey this impression convincingly.

BALLETS AFRICAINS

Meanwhile the Ballets Africains were back at the Palace for a short season; very little was changed from their previous programme and repeat visits confirmed the enjoyment one could win from these cleverly arranged pictures of negro life. The actual dancing was of a limited kind, and would one suspects, have been intolerable to watch for more than ten minutes if it were not done with such overwhelming energy, joy and simplicity. The decor and lighting, as before, made wonderful contributions to the performances; the whole thing being a fine example of just how far (and how cleverly) you can transpose primitive folk-dancing into a theatre spectacle without it becoming obvious and tiresome in its simplicity and repetition.

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE

American Ballet Theatre launched its European season with a two-week spell at Covent Garden, of which only the first programmes were visible before Edinburgh Festival drew me away. Familiar ballets both old and recent, were given and we could study, even at moments admire, the quality of the new personnel who now fill the ranks. Almost none of the original company that came here in 1946 is left; the *Sylphides* was illuminating for its picture of what the traditional classical style feels like to American dancers. (This remark is in no way chauvinistic; I have too much respect for the wonderful things that transatlantic companies and dancers can do with contemporary ballet subjects, and for the best of their new work in Modern Dance styles.) They can perform in a strict, classical style so that it is physically impressive—neat, disciplined and seemingly effortless—but they do not have it buried deep inside the subconscious processes, so that over and above the texture of the dance movements you get the feeling of the personality. And *Les Sylphides* stands or falls, as a moving experience, by the degree to which the dancers allow the essence of their individuality to glow through the abstractions of movement.

Their own subjects—*Fall River Legend*, *Interplay*, *Three Virgins and a Devil*—were familiar, and in general were not as well performed as on previous visits. Nora Kaye is a most impressive dramatic dancer—a Duse of ballet, if such a height of choreographic possibility can be imagined—but both physical style and her native intelligence bar her from a high-quality Giselle. Lupe Serrano, a newcomer, is accomplished, pretty as paint, and has probably great potential as a *demi-caractère* dancer, but these early performances did nothing to reveal her best possibilities.

A. V. COTON

BEING offered two opposing (I use the word advisedly) works such as *Swan Lake Act II*, and *Billy the Kid* in the same programme, makes self-evident the observation that the company is least happy when it tackles the classics.

Rosella Hightower's interpretation of Odette in *Swan Lake* had many of those personal features that mar the projection of character, and unfortunately detract from the full enjoyment of the work. The modesty and virginal purity of Odette, so clearly portrayed in the

succession of memorable Swan Princesses that we are now used to seeing, was lacking in Hightower.

It was natural that having dispensed with the swan-like qualities of Odette, Miss Hightower should proceed to tackle the role in her truly brash and flamboyant style. In the adagio passages there were glimpses of her true worth. When she ceases to impose her own personality on the character of Odette, and exploits more fully the technical facilities that she obviously possesses, her Odette will become more satisfying.

Pre-conceived notions about the ability of this company, come in for a rude shock when they dance something American. *Billy the Kid* is good Americana, and it is synonymous with all that is best in Ballet Theatre. The story of the pioneering West's first Bad Man is still told with powerful simplicity.

Here the company have a colourful episode of their nation's history, and they make excellent use of it. Eugene Loring's choreography comes across with the maximum clarity.

John Kriza's role of Billy shows how well his dancing has developed. In the past he has shown a tendency to be rather untidy in his finishes, due no doubt to his inherent virility. Control over his exuberance is allowing him to develop a smooth quality in his dancing. The pas-de-deux with his sweetheart, danced by Ruth Anne Koesun, is a tender expression of feeling that one would hardly expect from such an apparent hard-as-nails character as Billy. Ruth Anne Koesun shows accomplishment both in this pas-de-deux and earlier as Billy's mother.

The first of the two works new to London made up the first part of the last week's programme. Anthony Tudor's *Offenbach in the Underworld* cloaks what in reality is a mélange of ideas used so many times before. There were hints of *Beau Danube*, *Bar aux Folies Bergère*, and *Gaité Parisien*.

Its setting and story—café society in the Second Empire of France—should have given it wit and sparkle. But none of this was apparent until Nora Kaye came on the scene. She, and the corps-de-ballet—as the inevitable " Local Ladies "—made things crackle in a humorous way.

Apart from the variation for Kriza, and the limited opportunity for Kaye as the Operetta Star, to shine in a soubrette type of role, there was little left in the way of opportunity for Lupe Serrano, Ruth Anne Koesun, and Scott Douglas. Even the blowzy but well-danced Can-Can could not dispel the idea that the ballet is too long and too much of a hotch-potch of things seen before.

Tennessee Williams never made clear what his purpose was in writing the play, *A Street-car Named Desire*, Ballet Theatre's rendering of it in dance form leaves us no wiser.

The choreography of Valerie Bettis establishes William's story and adheres more or less faithfully to elaborating the distinguishing features of the two main characters. The decor, using only a series of latticed portices, suggests rather than establishes the New Orleans location of the action, but it combines with intelligent use of lighting to create an atmosphere of torpid decadence that is implicit in the story.

Nora Kaye as the tragic Blanche, who finds herself in conflict with her sister's husband, gave a studied performance of neurotic insularity. John Kriza as the bullying husband, matched Miss Kaye's dramatic handling of character. Both stimulated feelings that fluctuated between sympathy and revulsion but left us with the final question mark, why ?

Both the choreography and Miss Kaye's portrayal tended to accent the negative rather than the positive features of Tennessee William's main character. Scott Douglas and Christine Mayer were not given the opportunities to develop the parts of Mitch and Stella, who are really the only " clean " characters in the story.

By contrast *Rodeo* gave us a pleasant whiff of the fresh air and broad sunlight of the American prairie. Agnes de Mille returning after fourteen years to dance the Cowgirl, showed that only slightly could the years have dimmed the rough lustre of the ebullient tomboy, who by persistence and a return to feminine standards, finally gets her man. Kriza again excelled himself as The Champion Roper.

The remainder of the programme was filled out with Robert Joffrey's *Pas de Déesses*, and Balanchine's *Theme and Variations*, which showed Erik Bruhn's continued excellence and controlled classicism. Rosella Hightower was more pleasing in this than in her earlier *Swan Lake Act II*, but she appears to be so enamoured of mannerisms and minor weaknesses, that the crystalline brilliance with which we have associated her dancing in the past appears to elude her.

The company should try to invest all they do with the same enthusiasm and purpose that they show when they dance *Billy the Kid*, and *Rodeo*. Then their reputation will rest on a broader and sounder foundation.

A. J. COX

Above: *Elaine Fifield, recently promoted to the full rank of ballerina with the Sadler's Wells Ballet, as she appeared in* The Miraculous Mandarin

Opposite page: *An exclusive Ballet Today photograph taken during the performance of* Les Sylphides, *which Markova danced with John Gilpin, Marilyn Burr and Belinda Wright on the evening of September 7th, when the Festival Ballet celebrated its sixth anniversary with a Gala Performance.* *Both photos: Mike Davis*

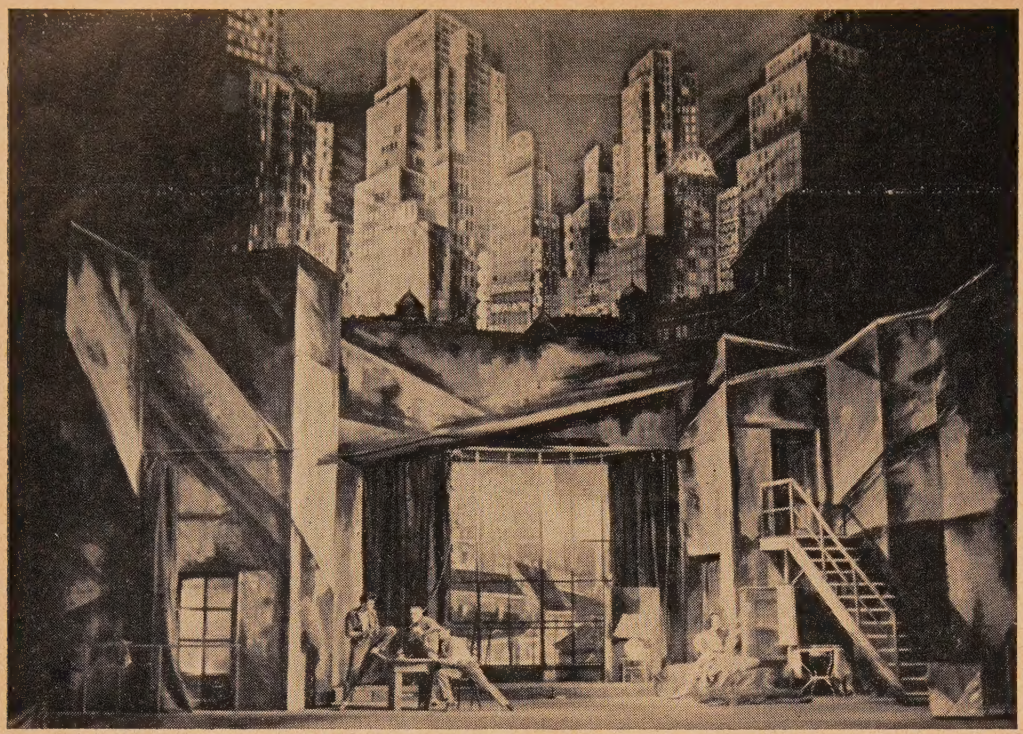
AND NEWS

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

SADLER'S WELLS

ONE of the balletic events of the Edinburgh Festival has been the premiere of the Sadler's Wells ballet, *The Miraculous Mandarin*. Outwardly, in its obviousnesses of choreography and production, of decor and lighting, *The Miraculous Mandarin* is an assembly of ideas already well exploited in ballets by Robert Helpmann and Roland Petit. Its story of viciousness, gaudy prostitution, back-alley thuggery, all supposed to bear upon a myth about a character with superhuman attributes, turned into a boringly obvious series of fights, flirtations, posturings. Alfred Rodrigues' choreography had been painstakingly worked out but it did not release the myth embedded in Bartok's score and in the programme's synopsis. What that myth is, is hard to estimate from the notes attached to the score; but it seems to imply that the mandarin (who falls victim to the greasy thugs who act as lures for the prostitute) has superhuman powers which are manifested in his ability to survive physical injuries of a death-dealing kind. Only when the prostitute relents, momentarily falls in love with him and lets him consummate his passion, do his injuries assert themselves, and allow him to die. . . . It is probably all somewhere in " The Golden Bough " which, perhaps with advantage, might have been studied by the choreographer as part of his effort to bring some sort of meaning in to (or out of?) the story.

Continued on page 6



News from the World

BUDAPEST

THE June issue of Ballet Today reported the preparations by the Hungarian State Opera in Budapest to present Bartok's *Miraculous Mandarin*. Their first performance of this took place in June. Choreography was by Gyula Harangozó, chief choreographer and dancer of the State Opera.

This ballet was to have been performed twice in Budapest, in 1931 and 1941, but on both occasions the preparations reached only to the last rehearsal, then it was censored by authorities. The first version—also Harangozó's choreography—was staged in 1945. The scenario and decor being transferred into an unrealistic oriental milieu, lost it's connection with Bartok's music.

The new performance put the ballet in its real atmosphere. The background shows the skyline of a modern metropolis, while the scene (decor by Zoltán Fülöp) represents a garret where three vagabonds (Imre Eck, Andor Gál, Zoltán Sallay) force the girl (Gaby Lakatos) to allure the passing men with the intention to rob them. Their first victim is an elderly gentleman (Harangozó), the second a young student (Gyula Füleki), finally comes the Mandarin (Erno Vashegyi). The girl's dance awakes in him an immortal passion. The vagabonds try in vain to kill him, but he cannot die whilst his passion remains unfulfilled.

The choreography, which has been adapted to the modern style of the music and decor, uses classical and modern movements and mime as well. The dance follows strictly the line of the drama, there is no corps de ballet, nor so-called solos, variations, or pas de deux.

The première was a great success, and the performances which followed confirmed this.

MARIA SZANTO

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Continued from page 5

RAM GOPAL

Ram Gopal's effort to make a " ballet " out of the legend of the Taj Mahal (with that title) does not make a satisfactory dance spectacle, for the styles of dance, gesture and grouping used cannot display to a non-Indian audience the nature of the characters and the logic of their actions. It was dressed and set with opulent elegance and was danced with great verve and sincerity; Frieda Harris's decor, modelled on classic Indian paintings, was effective enough but could have been better lit.

Ram Gopal, as the Shah, Kumudini as the princess, and Satyavati as her sister, had strong dances and some powerful miming to perform, but the basic style has not been manipulated with enough originality and compromise to make it effectively balletic. The four scenes are each separate in effect, and there is no clear development, through the action seen on stage, of the events of one scene into those of the scene following. As a lengthy spectacle of many styles of dance and acting in the Indian styles, and as a showing of gorgeous dresses, it will probably have a certain appeal—as a dance drama with an emotionally effective story and believable characters, it misses by a mile.

A. V. COTON

SWITZERLAND

THEATRE season 1955/56 has finished. If the two main theatres found their financial balance, it was due to the enormous success of the four-act version of *Swan Lake*, produced quite differently in Zurich and Basle. Zurich had 32 packed houses (with many visitors coming from far away, even from Austria and Germany), Basle more than 50.

The next season will prove if it was only the magic word " Schwanensee ", which drove people into the theatre, or if there is a real interest in classical ballet. The performances of London's Festival Ballet for example have had a great artistic success, but not that public appeal, which could have been expected after the success of " home-made " *Swan Lake*. *Les Sylphides* and *Etudes* enchanted the Swiss ballet lovers so much, that many of them spent more than one evening with the English company.

At the end of June, a month after the Festival Ballet, the African Ballet Keita Fodeba reached Zurich. Their first performance began nearly two hours late, as the costumes did not pass the Italian-Swiss customs in time. Finally they arrived, ten minutes later the performance started. This was only possible, because the Africans did not have so many costumes as for instance the New York City Ballet which filled the whole back-stage with huge trunks.

The New Yorkers are expected to give four performances in the middle of September. They like Swiss audiences and assert that they are the most enthusiastic in the whole of Europe.

From 22nd of July till 4th of August Mary Wigman, Rosalie Chladek, Ann Sokolow, Hans Züllig and Victor Gsovsky taught again during the International Summer Course at the Rigiblick in Zurich. Hans Züllig will leave Europe this year in order to join an overseas company. Swiss dancers are very sorry to hear this as he won so much sympathy during his recent stay as teacher and dancer.

It means another great loss for ballet in Switzerland, that Jaroslav Berger, who was responsible for the production of *Swan Lake*, leaves Zurich in order to act as guest choreographer abroad.

WERNER GALLUSSER

MUNICH

Dame Ninette de Valois and Arnold Haskell have accepted an invitation from the Freunde des Balletts to become members of the advisory committee. This Society was founded early this year by a group of dancers, critics, designers, balletomanes and students for the purpose of spreading knowledge and appreciation of the art of ballet.

WILFRIED HOFMANN

PARIS ★ BABILEE ★ LAURENT ★ STANISLAVSKI

THE Jean Babilée Ballet had their debut at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées on 20th June. The Company is much reduced. Violette Verdy, who is ill, left it before the first performance. There remained Jean Babilée, Claire Sombert, Alexandre Kalioujny, Dick Sanders and the Jugoslav danseuse Jovanka Biegovich.

We have written in these pages about *Balance à Trois*. *Sables*, to music by Maurice Le Roux, is very much like it in its sporting atmosphere. Two couples are amusing themselves on a beach—but all that is too reminiscent of Jerome Robbins and his *Facsimile*. He, it seems to us, is the American choreographer who has made the greatest impression on our young choreographers. The settings, bathing costumes and slips are by Lila de Nobili.

The Cameleopard, a ballet in four scenes after Edgar Poe, by Jean Babilée and Alain Vigot, music by Henri Sauget, was both the most interesting and the most disappointing of the evening.

In a very ancient town between East and West, in a declining civilisation where crowds, beasts and men mingle, reigns the Cameleopard—a kind of bestial divinity. The King, jealous of the Cameleopard's power, lures him into a cellar, kills him and takes his place. Now he reigns over the people and beasts by the power of magic dances performed at the top of an immense stairway. But the King is a man, and allows himself the weakness of love. Then the beasts, instinctive and ferocious, understand that they have been duped and beat him to death.

This ballet is gifted with impressive fantastic settings by Jacques Noel, a designer with the mime Marcel Marceau—and that is a good reference. He gives us a suite of four tableaux, in an ancient ruined city such as Edgar Poe might have imagined, but the group movements and the dance steps are uncertain—people run, get agitated, roll on the ground, but they don't dance. So this ballet, which is an interesting idea, falls flat.

JEAN LAURENT'S BALLET

THIS troupe presented their new show at the Théâtre du Casino at Enghien on June 14th. Maurice Béjart was the choreographer for all three ballets in the programme; he is known as the most interesting French choreographer of his generation, but on this occasion he disappointed his public. Tessa Beaumont, Marie-Claire Carré, Michèle Seigneuret, Mirko Sparembleck, with Maurice Béjart himself and a dozen others made up the troupe.

The Sweeper (Marie-Claire Carré, Maurice Béjart, Mirko Sparembleck) is on a subject taken from a poem by Jacques Prevert. It depicts a street-sweeper who works on the banks of the Seine. Among the passers-by there is a desperate young woman, who would like to commit suicide, but the Guardian Angel of the sweeper intervenes, and she regains her taste for life.

Maurice Béjart's choreography is very sketchy in this piece, and young Marie-Claire Carré has very little chance to show her talents. Louis Bessières' music carries no great weight. The settings by Alain Berger, a nine-year-old child painter, are amusing.

Tanit, the second creation of the evening (story and choreography by Maurice Béjart, music by Maurice Ohana, settings and costumes by Jean Desvilles) presents the metamorphoses of this Phoenician—Carthaginian Goddess of Love—a strange, ambiguous lunar divinity who embodies the most carnal of instincts and the most mystical of loves.

Here, Maurice Béjart's choreography has clearly been influenced by the work of Jerome Robbins. Maurice Ohana's music is not to be despised; the ballet is frenzied—even too much so, to the point that one eventually gets tired of it. The lovely Tessa Beaumont dances very well in a difficult and unrewarding role, beside Mirko Sparembleck and Maurice Béjart. Jean Desvilles' settings and costumes are good.

The third ballet *The Perfume of the Lady in Red* (music by G. Calvi) has settings and costumes (in the 1925 style) by Alwyn. It is an amusing "whodunit" skit, in which Maurice Béjart's comic talent has free rein. The heroine of the story is Michèle Seigneuret, who dances her role with great verve and spirit.

For this same occasion, the Enghien Casino asked Léonide Massine for a new choreography; he chose Mozart's Concerto No. 12, which he has treated as a Divertissement. Claude Bessy and Peter Van Dyck, stars of the Opéra, the premières danseuses Josette Amielle, Micheline Grimoin, Jacqueline Rayet, and premiers danseurs Raoul Bari and Franchetti interpreted this work, which once more demonstrated the current good form of the Opéra de Paris corps de ballet.

STANISLAVSKI —END OF SEASON

ON 11th July the Moscow Stanislavski Ballet brought its Paris season, at the Théâtre du Châtelet, to a triumphant close. During their stay in Paris, several receptions were held in honour of the Soviet artists and their organisers MM. Lumbroso and Soria.

The Association de la Presse Choréographique de Paris held a luncheon, attended by the Ballet-Master M. Bourmeister, star dancers and other personalities of the Dance and Art world of Paris.

The Dance Writers' and Critics Association also had a luncheon for the Ballet, while Serge Lifar's Choreographic Institute received them at the Opéra Library. Here the Anna Pavlova prize founded by the Institute, to be awarded to the best interpretive dancer of the year, was presented to the young star Alla Ossipienko.

During their stay in Paris the artists of the Ballet had a great success with everyone, largely because at home there is no title of "star" and they are therefore free of false pride, and display a great and charming simplicity. Merit alone decides whether one is permitted to attempt big roles.

As for their art—it is still great, even though their ballet has not evolved in the same way as ours. They make little use of entrechats or fouettés, but there is much vigour in the portées, and their perfect execution of certain acrobatic steps prevents their looking too spectacular. Born musicians, their dancing literally sings and gives the impression of a continuous melody. Their third act of *Swan Lake*, for instance, is admirably blended into an ensemble, giving one the impression of a true dance drama from beginning to end.

They make no use of pantomime, and all the minor roles—princes, masters of ceremony, etc., are played with admirable sobriety.

This explains the public surprise, and a certain confusion displayed at first by the Parisian critics, but the final conclusion is that the art of Russian dancers—Tsarist or Soviet—is still among the most thrilling and spectacular of all.

Above: *The Stanislavski Ballet from Moscow in the Mazurka from* Le Lac des Cygnes

Opposite page: *A scene from* The Miraculous Mandarin *by the Hungarian State Opera in Budapest.* *Photo*: *Varkonyi*

HOW BALLET IS BORN

★

The Australian Theatre Ballet

by

WALTER GORE

★

EARLY DAYS

HERE in a gum-nut shell is the eight month period I would welcome again for the happiness and satisfaction it gave me—provided I could start with the same dancers, pianist and stage director I then had.

It all began on the dusty stage of the old Town Hall in Bendigo, city of a fabulous past and burial place of my great-grandfather.

Here was our World Première. Not a glittering one before a tinselled audience and The Beard of The Times, but a rickety one before honest shirt-sleeved Australians, the happy Algeranoffs and the journalist of the *Bendigo Courier*.

The preparatory work—the auditions, the rehearsing, the costume making—all this was behind us and now the process of progress lay ahead: the grinding monotony of night-in day-out repetition of what amounted to five finger exercises. Exercises in stage etiquette, deportment, an inculcation of tradition, for remember we were starting right at the very beginning.

It would take much patient time to learn the exit and the entrance, the acknowledgment of applause, the wear and care of costumes, hair, shoes and make-up. In short, the elementary but vital necessities of life in the Kingdom of Painted Wood and Canvas had to be taught as an A.B.C. Not by blackboard writing or lecture but by example.

This was the walk before the run, and from walking as comparative strangers we had to arrive at that happy state when we would run together as intimates.

Progress in the beginning was slow, and at times one despaired of achieving anything at all under the very difficult conditions encountered internally and externally. Difficult enough in all conscience for an experienced group of actors, but doubly so for a flight of fledglings. Actors can, if it comes to the pinch, speak their lines standing still. It is far from happy for them, but even less happy for a dancer whose very existence depends on unhampered movement.

These were morale breaking conditions and we had yet to build up morale, but these whistle stop performances had one advantage, provided we could end them when they had served their purpose. They gave these young dancers their first good look at an audience: taught them to be unafraid when they felt so alone under the lights with nothing between them and running away except their beating hearts which almost drowned the music in their ears yet kept them going.

Gradually they lost the frozen stare so like that which some of us wore under enemy guns for the first time. The fixed smile was replaced by one of Nature's own, and movement, instead of a mechanical reflex, became free and uninhibited.

Oddly enough what helped to pop the cork out of the champagne bottle was one of those tragi-comic incidents inseparable from a tour of this kind.

THE NIGHT THE PIANO FELL ON VERONICA

We had arrived in the smallest of small townships and the piano, of 1910 vintage I fancy with only three castors to its name, was having its lid opened by the pianist to discover the possible hiding place of its music stand, also to give more power to its Atwellian strings, when—over it went, flat on its back. There was silence for a long dead time as we looked at it lying there crestfallen and moaning gently to itself under a cloud of dust. Then suddenly came a quiet rush to help the fallen rosewood lying as still as a drunk in Saturday night Bourke Street, and it was lifted back onto its three castors again. The apprehensive examination revealed that its twin brass candlesticks were unmarked and its rose-silk fret-work front undamaged, but now six more notes than before refused to do anything but click loosely. That it hadn't been completely silenced gave us cause for rejoicing, but our relief turned to alarm when we found that the pianist's right hand had been trapped in the lid as the piano fell and she was unable to move a finger. Literally bloody but quite unbowed, she approached The Yellow-Toothed Thing and tried to strike a chord on it. Her right hand produced nothing but a cry of pain.

Now what? and I might add the audience at that very moment was rattling the money in its pockets outside the Box Office.

As a forlorn hope a runner was sent out to find a pianist in the town but the only one, a respectable gent of 60, was on tour himself—tuning pianos, and he wouldn't be back for a month. Much too late.

Our faces grew longer as the Box Office queue grew longer and the money rattling louder. Dare we cancel? and then I had an inspiration.

I had heard there was a pianist of some repute in a neighbouring township who was at that moment on her way in a chartered busload to witness the performance. So, thought I, let us ask her to play the treble while our own pianist's undamaged left hand played the bass. Certainly this was a wild throw but it was our last and only one. As time rushed by we walked up and down the hall, listening for the crunch of her buswheels on the gravel outside. Would she come in time? Impossible to keep the audience outside any longer, they were now going to their seats. They sensed something was amiss, and I certainly sensed something much more would be amiss if we had to cancel and offer them their money back. These good people who had come, some of them well over a hundred miles, would want some placating. They looked as if nothing but a Willy-Willy would shift them.

Then at last when it seemed for sure the bus must have gone into a culvert, it arrived. The unwitting pianist all prettied up, smiling and ready for a nice enjoyable evening at the ballet was lifted off the bus and almost frogmarched to the piano stool, accompanied by an ultra rapid running commentary on the current disastrous situation. Her hat, coat, gloves, bag, sweets—all were gallantly but with smiling persuasion taken from her, she receiving in return, in place of a cloakroom ticket, a copy of Poulenc.

So fast had been her removal from the bus seat to piano stool, she was still wearing the same smile of enchanted anticipation—until she saw the music.

Once more came that breathless hush as if the piano had fallen over again. You know that soundless noise in dreams? When you *see* something make a thunderous noise but you don't *hear* it?

By now of course the rapidly filling hall was in a state of " who dun it ". Eyes were popping everywhere. My eyes had popped onto our shanghaied musician and there they stayed, wondering would she or wouldn't she join the dance.

She went on turning the pages in silent consideration then flexed her fingers and said quietly " It looks rather difficult ".

" Ominous' " I said to myself; " distinctly unpromising "—and then she started to play.

A wrong note here and there but what's a wrong note, or even two, at a time like this. Besides the piano itself was one entire wrong note.

So then it was, twenty minutes late, the performance began after the most unusual overture, by way of rehearsal, any audience anywhere must have listened to.

Needless to say she received a tremendous ovation from the full house and never was it more deserved. This stouthearted woman had accepted with quite remarkable aplomb a situation which would have appalled the most experienced of ballet pianists. All she said afterwards as she rose blushing to acknowledge her applause was . . . " but I wish I had been able to see the ballet ".

So this strange night ended, and we breathed the warm pepper-corn air with grateful and silent relief, for such an evening could not happen to anyone twice.

I have told this story at some length because its occurrence marked a turning point in the Ballet's progress. Until then each performance had been much like the others: tentative and tense, but The Night The Piano Fell On Veronica did something more than cut and temporarily paralyse her hand. It broke the mental paralysis of the dancing. One night they were students—the next they were professionals in embryo. Almost as sudden as a finger snap. The talent which I had never doubted now came to the front and began to assert itself. At last!

It was a flag waving moment to see smiles on the stage for almost the first time, but natural smiles of enjoyment. Self-consciousness had gone, self pride was taking its place and as one watched them dance one felt their fear going—going—and then it was gone. From now on the lights, the audience, the feel of the stage under their feet, the very loneliness of a solo would act as a stimulant to draw them out of themselves as ordinary people and lift them onto a higher plane of tangible unreality in a world of limitless enjoyment and inner satisfaction.

Say what you like about the life of a ballet dancer; say it's hard, stupid, unfinancial, arty, time wasting. Call it a world of long-haired impractical dreamers. Go as far as you like in condescending comment, but believe me there is that in it which completely passes the understanding of all except those who have made it their life, and the realisation that this is truly so, fired that first spark of confidence thus setting up the first big victory for these young ones.

I call it a big victory because until confidence defeats fear nothing whatever can be achieved.

It is strange to think that a piano had to fall to break the tension and banish their fears. Perhaps the triumph over incipient disaster had something to do with it or perhaps it was only co-incidental, but whatever it was from that night on a professional air was apparent and the long invisible way ahead seemed easier. Easier, because now that invaluable Australian trait, energetic confidence, was at the back of them; easier because their undoubted talents were now free to blossom unhampered by self consciousness, and easier because there was laughter and a sense of pride in them as members of a company they were creating *for* themselves *out* of themselves. Gone was the tension, apprehension and doubt. Our walking days as strangers were over. We were now beginning to run together as intimates, with our eyes on the future which we felt sure would be ours.

(To be continued next month.)

How a Ballet is Born

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Above: *Walter Gore at rehearsal.* *Photo*: Maasbode
Opposite page: *Paula Hinton and some of the Company in* Soft Sorrow

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The Bolshoi's new Swan Lake

and

some of the dancers you will see at Covent Garden

THERE are as many as thirty full length productions of *Swan Lake* performed throughout the Soviet Union, by as many companies, all professional. Some of these follow the traditional Petipa/Ivanov production, others the later Gorsky one, whilst yet a third group differs entirely from either of these in both music and choreography. Quite a number are now using the original Tchaikovsky music.

These are some of the interesting facts given by Pyotr Gusev, the Bolshoi's balletmaster, in his comments about the new *Swan Lake* that will be seen at Covent Garden.

An outstanding feature of all Soviet versions of the ballet is the character of the Jester who appears in Act I, Scene I and Act II. Following the usual practice in Russia, Act I is given in two scenes, thus what we know as Act II, in this production is Act I, Scene II. Though apparently never originally part of the story, the Jester was introduced by Alexander Gorsky to liven up the action and create a lighter atmosphere, thereby intensifying the contrast of the first scene of Act I with the later lyrical swan scenes. What is more, Gorsky by using the Jester was able to include some of the music that had previously been cut.

It is nearly twenty years since a new production of *Swan Lake* was mounted at the Bolshoi. In order to retain all that was best in the old, and yet arrive at something new and well balanced, the various versions throughout Russia were studied and their best features included.

Gusev, Messerer, and Varlamov, the joint producers of the ballet, have retained the Gorsky edition as the basis of their work. The dances of the Jester, and the character dances of Act II have all been retained. Here it will be interesting to note whether the new production succeeds in presenting these various dances, Spanish, Neapolitan, Polish, and Hungarian, so that they are embodied in the dramatic presentation, and not just staged as divertissements.

The manner in which this was tackled by the Stanislavski Theatre Ballet in their production was the best that I have seen, the dances being presented with much more cohesion than in the Bolshoi's old version.

The choreography of Alexander Gorsky is used in Act I, Scene II, and includes a dance for Three Swans. Unlike the Ivanov version he uses six cygnets instead of the usual four. Here again the dance pattern is slightly different from that of Ivanov.

What we know as the Dance of the Princesses in Act III at Covent Garden, is given in Russia as the Dance of the Maidens (Act II), this has been included in a slightly revised form to give it a brighter character.

Following the examples of the Saratov and Stanislavski productions, all the deleted music of the second and third acts has been restored. Odile has a new variation in Act II which she dances to the music of the Pas-de-Six that Tchaikovsky originally wrote for that act.

Asaf Messerer, a pupil of Gorsky and until recently a leading dancer at the Bolshoi, has rechoreographed the whole of the fourth act, and the music for the Grand Waltz of the Swans has been restored to its original setting.

Comparison with our own *Swan Lake* may well revive the old controversy as to whether it is permissible to alter the classics. From the description I have of this production it is obvious that there has been no hesitation to alter or amend where the producers feel it necessary. Gusev's comments on amending *Swan Lake* are interesting. He says,

". . . The Bolshoi has not preserved Gorsky's version unchanged as a museum piece. Our duty has been to preserve the unchanging values that lie at the basis of the work, at the same time to look for a more perfect solution to the problem of the production as a whole."

Vladimir Bourmeister choreographer of the Stanislavski Theatre expressed similar ideas about his version of the ballet when I discussed it with him in Moscow.

A. J. COX

RAISSA STRUCHKOVA.

Raissa Struchkova, one of the three leading ballerinas who will be appearing with the Bolshoi company during their London season, has been with the company since the autumn of 1944. At her graduation earlier in the same year, she danced the Adagio from *Act II of Swan Lake*, and the Pas de deux from *Act III* of the same ballet.

During the first year with the company she danced in small solo roles, Red Riding Hood in *Sleeping Beauty*, the Pas de Trois, Dance of the Maidens and the Dance of the Cygnets from *Swan Lake*.

Even at this time Struchkova was showing her adaptability to differing types of roles, dancing classical variations in *Cinderella* (Spring Fairy), the Bell Dance in *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai*, and The Waltz in *Chopiniana* (Les Sylphides). These three differing styles of dance underlined her versatility.

Her first ballerina role was as Lisa in the ballet *Vain Precautions* in 1946. She followed this with Cinderella in Prokofiev's ballet of that name in 1947. In the same year she danced the part of Maria in *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai*.

Each year has witnessed her development as a mature artist as she added more roles to her repertoire. Her next success was as Odette/Odile which she danced for the first time in 1951. In 1952 she danced the role of the Chinese heroine in *Red Poppy*. In the same year she danced the difficult role of Aurora in *Sleeping Beauty*.

During the London season she will share with Galina Ulanova the role of Juliet. She first danced this part in 1953. During 1954 she danced the lead in two other works, Fadette in the ballet of the same name (this is to the music of Delibes' *Sylvia*), and Katerina in *The Stone Flower*. Her latest roles are Giselle, and Pasquale in the new ballet *Laurencia*. Photo top right as *Juliet*.

MARINA KONDRATIEVA.

Kondratieva is one of the younger ballerinas of the company. She entered the Bolshoi School at the age of nine. Whilst a senior at the school she appeared as Masha in *Casse Noisette* in a performance given at the Bolshoi Filial Theatre.

In 1953 she danced the title role in *Cinderella*, and her other successes include the Pas de Trois, and Waltz of the Brides from *Swan Lake*, these appear to be essential stepping stones for every potential Soviet ballerina. During the 1954/5 season she danced the

(*continued on page 20*)

GALINA ULANOVA
in GISELLE

THE BALLETS

LE LAC DES CYGNES
ACT II

Photo right: The Bolshoi Theatre Company

ROMEO AND JULIET

Photo below: Galina Ulanova as Juliet
Alexander Lapauri as Paris

THE FOUNTAIN OF BAKHCHISARAI

Photo right: G. Farmanyants as Nurali

GISELLE

Photo on page 11: Galina Ulanova

THE DANCERS

The following Artists will be appearing during the Season:

Galina Ulanova

Raissa Struchkova Nina Timofeyeva

Rimma Karelskaya Marina Kondratieva

Velta Vilcin Sangovitch

Nadezhda Kapustina

Yuri Kondratov Yuri Zhdanov

Alexei Yermolayev Sergei Koren

Yuri Gofman Georgy Farmanyants

Alexander Lapauri Alexander Radunsky

with

Soloists and Corps de Ballet

ERIK BRUHN

THE BACKGROUND OF A DANCER

BY PIGEON CROWLE

A BAD attack of stage fright may seem an unpromising start for a ballet career, yet if it had not been for this devastating experience, it is possible that we might not have been enjoying so recently the art of one who is without equal among male dancers of the day. For, as will be seen, it was the reaction to this experience that makes this story.

As a small boy, Erik Bruhn had no great urge to dance, though with his three sisters he attended a Copenhagen dancing class where he learnt ballroom and some character dancing. But it was not long before his teacher realised that the child had more than average talent and so, when the annual school display came round, he was given a solo Russian Dance.

This school concert was quite an important affair for it took place before an audience composed of parents and friends as well as other awe-inspiring guests and so, long before his own number was due, the little boy already began to feel nervous. When, at length, the time arrived to make his appearance, he performed the opening steps of his solo well enough but then, to his extreme horror, his mind went a complete blank. After an anguished moment, during which he tried desperately to recall the next movement, he turned and fled from the stage.

The teacher at once came forward and made a tactful and graceful apology to an amused and sympathetic audience, and the show continued. But back in the dressing room the small dancer was

overcome with shame and embarrassment, until he managed to pull himself together and to think over the whole matter quietly. He then made what was, in the circumstances, a remarkable decision for so young a child. He decided that he could not let his teacher and the whole performance down in this way, and that it was up to him to go back and do the dance properly if he wanted to face any of those present again. He went to his teacher who, very surprised and impressed by his attitude, at once granted his request, and Erik went on and performed the complete solo without any further contretemps.

The audition for the Ballet School attached to the Royal Danish Ballet took place the following month, and his teacher was now so convinced that the boy, quite apart from his talent, had the right approach and spirit for the theatre, that she managed to persuade his parents to allow him to enter. And so, at the age of seven, he was one of the ten children selected from some four hundred applicants to become a pupil at the School.

Though he had no particular leaning to the idea of ballet school, he soon began to thoroughly enjoy the life there, especially the contact with the theatre: for the children from the school often appeared in plays and operas as well as ballets. In this way they learnt to face an audience, to be unaffected by strong spotlights, to get the feel of the theatre and to take responsibility knowing that, in a very small way, some of the success and smooth working of the performance depended on them. It was fun and an adventure for Erik to put on costumes and wigs and to appear before the footlights, and the games they played backstage among the scenery and props were more fun, even though they sometimes got into trouble for becoming too noisy. Ordinary school lessons were also taken in class rooms at the top of the building, and so in this way the theatre occupied most of the children's waking hours, and soon became Erik's second home and the centre of his life.

In spite of a somewhat light-hearted attitude to his work, Erik passed all his examinations; but it was not until he was fifteen that he realised that, if he wanted to remain part of the life he was enjoying so much, he must settle down to serious work: that there was another side as well as fun to it all. He decided to devote himself seriously and for good to the art of ballet.

In 1946, when he was seventeen, he was given his debut at the theatre as Adonis in a ballet by Harald Lander entitled *Thorwaldsen*: and a year later, on passing his finals, became a member of the Royal Danish Ballet. He and another boy and girl were the only students of his year who had managed to stay the course.

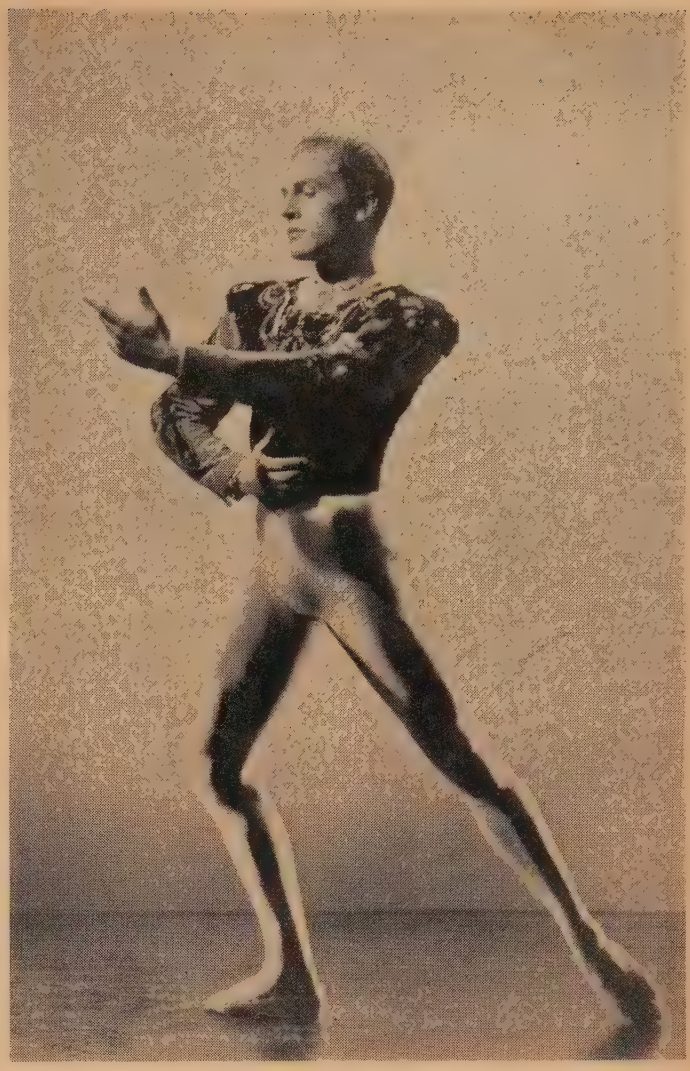
That summer he travelled abroad for the first time and came to England on holiday. For the first time he was able to see artists and ballets from other countries as, besides the English companies, the Ballets des Champs Elysées with Petit and Babilée were here for a London season, and he had lessons from Idzikowski. It was all very exciting after the limitations of life in a Denmark that had been occupied by the Germans throughout the war, and he enjoyed every moment of it. So much so that, when he was offered an engagement by the Metropolitan Ballet, he decided to take it and, after some difficulty, was able to persuade the Danish directorate to grant him six months' leave of absence.

Though most of this period was spent touring the provinces, during a bitterly cold winter when both food and fuel were still strictly rationed, he describes it as a wonderful experience. For later he obtained another leave of absence, and during the two seasons he appeared with this excellent but short-lived company he was able to work with such artists as Danilova, Massine, Franklin, Perrault and Marchand, to name but a few, and to dance the leading roles in such ballets as *Le Lac des Cygnes* and *Les Sylphides*, as well as the Aurora and Blue Bird pas de deux, gaining experience that would have been unknown in the Danish company at that age. He also partnered the young Svetlana Beriosova, who was also dancing solo roles for the first time, and it was an exciting experience for the audience to see these two young artists—both obviously potential stars—stretching their wings together in *Le Spectre de la Rose* and other ballets.

After the first season Erik returned to Copenhagen and the corps de ballet, but was given the parts of the Hussar and the Shepherd in *Le Beau Danube* and *Symphonie Fantastique* by Massine, who was mounting these ballets for the Danish company, and at the end of the season he was promoted to soloist.

During the following years Bruhn gradually developed into a brilliant dancer, equally successful in romantic, dramatic or purely classical roles. His very handsome and aristocratic appearance, combined with artistic sensibility and a richly developed virtuosity, won him a greater reputation throughout Europe than any Danish male dancer of the century until, eventually, he was acknowledged as one of the world's leading classical dancers. In Great Britain particularly, where his performances with the Royal Danish Ballet in 1953 and 1955 showed the fulfilment of all his early promise, he has always had a large following.

In 1954 he created the choreography for his first ballet, *Concertette*, which was set to the music of Gould's *Interplay*. This was a sincere and promising work, straightforward entertainment with no psychological probings, and an admirable acquisition for the younger members of the company, allowing them to express themselves in a



Above: *Erik Bruhn* *Photo*: *Maurice Seymour*
Opposite: *With Markova in* Giselle (*Television Performance*)
Photo: *Mike Davis*

contemporary dance idiom. He also took some of the children's classes at the Ballet School but eventually had to give this up as he found that it absorbed too much of his thought, time and interest. The career of an ambitious dancer allows little scope for side-lines, but Bruhn hopes before too long to return to choreography and will certainly, one day, take up teaching again, for which he discovered in himself a special aptitude and pleasure.

His first visit to this country had given him the desire to travel and to see and work with other artists outside his own country, and so during these years he has also made a number of guest appearances with Ballet Theatre and the Alicia Alonso Company, beside partnering Jeanmaire in the Hans Anderson film—he also gained considerable experience of the rigours of coast-to-coast touring in the United States and of one-night-stands! Now he is a permanent member of Ballet Theatre and returns to the Royal Danish Ballet as guest artist.

Bruhn considers that he owes much of his development as an individual artist, not only to the wonderful and unique background and training given him by the Danish Ballet, but also to the broadening effect of travel with other companies and to the many and various teachers under whom he has studied. He pays special tribute to Vera Volkova, whose influence in this country has been so great and who now teaches in Copenhagen, but says that one of the most important associations of his career was when he worked with Alicia Markova last year in *Giselle*. This was the sensation of the New York season of Ballet Theatre.

When the company opened at the Metropolitan Opera House he had no idea that on the last day, three weeks later, he would be dancing *Giselle* for the first time in his career and with Markova. The stage was not available for the short series of rehearsals which were rushed through with only the two principals and no orchestra or corps de ballet. So it is not surprising that when he was on stage with the corps de ballet he spent most of the time wondering whether he was

(*Continued on page 20*)

Svetlana Beriosova

New books about the Ballet

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BOOKS

Reviewed by
PIGEON CROWLE

Ballet Technique. By Tamara Karsavina. (*A. & C. Black*, 10*s.* 6*d.*)

For me there is no greater privilege, nothing more rewarding and stimulating than to hear a great artist discuss her art, enlarging on technique, or interpretation, referring to those so famous their names are now legendary and yet were people with whom she lived and worked. And when this artist is Tamara Karsavina, one of the greatest of ballerinas, schooled in the highest precepts of the Russian Imperial Ballet, yet one of the van in the revolt against outworn conventions that gave us modern ballet, then that privilege is very great indeed.

This book is a collection of essays taken from a series written in the first place for *The Dancing Times*, and though it is essentially for those conversant with the technique of ballet, for teachers and students, it is no dry-as-dust textbook. For not only was Karsavina a great dancer, she is also an accomplished writer and knows how to find the telling word or phrase that makes the printed page spring to life. How descriptive is "just a wink of the leg", as Dame Margot Fonteyn points out in her foreword, for a very difficult and laborious exercise that should, nevertheless, have just that effect. While when she tells us "I have tried all of these on the dog—in other words, found them of great help in my work", referring to some maxims for steadiness in adage, or "this was a panacea of Maestro Cecchetti", describing the best means of regaining a lost confidence in the execution of pirouettes, it is as if we see this pupil of Johannsen, Geurdt, and Legat in the class and in performance.

The chapters on lost steps—charming and often highly technical enchaînements in such ballets of the nineteenth century as *The Corsair*, which are now never seen, are absorbing, also her description of the changes that have crept into *Giselle*. Perfect technique in a classical dancer, Madame Karsavina feels, is becoming a rarity. This is particularly noticeable in ballets of the Romantic style, such as *Giselle* and *Les Sylphides*, where steps have been transposed from an elevated sphere to terre-à-terre execution. The reason for this decline in perfect seemingly effortless elevation is the lack of ballon and proper attention to its exercises during the elementary stages of training.

There are a number of excellent photographs, many of which have been specially posed for this book by Svetlana Beriosova and Prudence Hyman.

Dancers of Tomorrow. By Naomi Capon. (*Brockhampton Press*, 12*s.* 6*d.*)

This book is based on the author's own script and production of the B.B.C. Television programme, *Dancers of Tomorrow*, and tells you most of the things you may want to know, about the Sadler's Wells Ballet School.

In describing the training of Ann Blake from junior student to first appearance in the corps de ballet, the very laudable intention has been followed of stressing the facilities for general education at the school and of seizing the opportunity to counteract the rather glamorous ballet school romances now so popular as junior novels, and which sometimes show little true understanding of what preparation for ballet, or indeed ballet itself, means.

But ballet students are artists in the making and not domestic science pupils, and this difference in atmosphere and feeling is never caught. This may be one of the reasons the pages of this book are humdrum and never come to life.

There is a foreword by Arnold Haskell, and the photographic illustrations are admirable.

Dancing in Action. By Sonia Stiller. (*Pitman*, 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Here is another of those "first steps in ballet" books, complete with drawings of basic steps and exercises, descriptions of ballet terms and hints for the aspiring, which seem to pour in a steady stream from the printing presses these days. There are also a few simple character routines with their musical accompaniments. But what does make the book out of the ordinary are the "3-D" glasses that come with it. When looked at with these, a set of pictures becomes stereoscopic in effect while certain drawings appear animated.

Theatre in the East. By Faubian Bowers. (*Nelson*, 42*s.*)

This is a pretty comprehensive survey, for the average reader, of dance and drama in Asia: that is to say, the area which starts with India and extends eastward through China and Japan as far as Siberia; but excludes the vast Mohammedan world lying north and west of India where what little dance has survived is not characteristically Asian.

DANCERS OF TOMORROW

Dame Ninette de Valois rehearsing the theatre class for Coppelia *"the spirit of this remarkable women remains a little in every dancer with whom she has worked".*

Though the difference in dance styles varies tremendously between one Asiatic country and another and all have their unique qualities, certain aspects run through each and a subtle relationship binds them. This is the influence stemming originally from ancient India by conquest, commerce or religious propagation, a civilising influence that has left its cultural mark so that dancing of the finest description based on and inspired by Indian forms may be seen in Bali off the coast of Java; while in Japan dances with masks and movements from India are still given, although they have been forgotten in the country of their origin; and incidents and characters from the two great epic poems, the Ramayana and the Mahabhrata, may provide theatrical material for Burma and Thailand; and lion-dances are performed in the streets of China though the animal—indigenous to India—is unknown in that country.

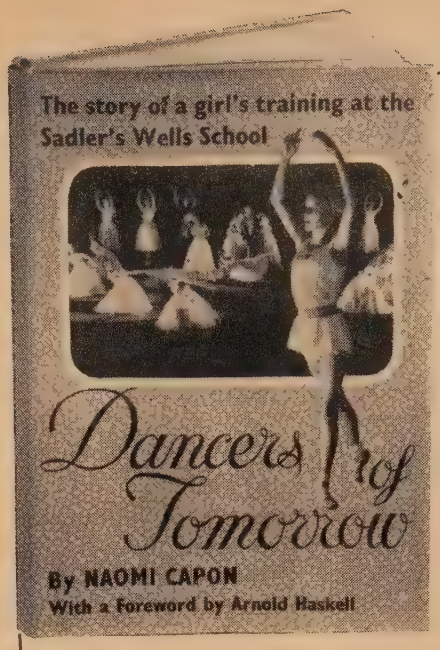
Faubian Bowers is a leading authority in America on the theatrical art of the East, and his love and knowledge of the subject is so sincere and profound, his style so easy and colourful, he is well able to carry his readers with him on this exciting journey of discovery. It is a pity that an occasional carelessness in punctuation or construction should sometimes make for ambiguity or obscurity, but, I must emphasise, this is very occasional.

The geographical and historical backgrounds of each country are well sketched in, and when one considers the vastness of the area and of the subject, one is impressed by the thoroughness with which all aspects have been covered. And there are all kinds of fascinating details. In China, for instance, steaming hot towels are brought at intervals throughout the evening, if you desire it, as fresheners; and in Malaya deeply entranced girls may dance all night. Shadow and puppet theatres come into the scheme, and detailed descriptions of training, make-up and music are given. The simple but most informative explanation of the principles of Asian music will be found most helpful to better understanding of the musical accompaniment of dancers visiting this country from the East.

One has only to turn a few pages to add to the Westerner's understanding of Eastern art from a practical and theatre point of view: from the four great dances of India, to the delicate nuances of geisha performance; from the Filipino *Maria Clara*, a minuet full of bows and curtsies, to the devil-dances of Ceylon; from the venerated Balasaraswathi of Madras to the sophisticated Miss Fong Yim Fun of Hong Kong, and other famous personalities in this wonderful world of the theatre in which all peoples—white or black, brown or yellow—share a common delight.

The book is well produced and has one of the most beautiful bindings I have seen for some time; the many photographs are well-chosen—all in all, exceedingly good value.

Since sending out review copies of the Hungarian Rhapsody *(reviewed in our September issue) the publishers have reduced the price of the book to 30/-.*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Dancers of Tomorrow
By NAOMI CAPON
With a Foreword by Arnold Haskell

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Director of the Sadler's Wells School

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RECORDS

Reviewed by
BEDFORD CROWLE

DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS and FLUTE CONCERTO IN G (*Gluck*), ANDANTE FOR FLUTE AND STRINGS, K315 (*Mozart*), FLUTE CONCERTO (*Quantz*). *H. Barwahser* (*flute*) *Vienna S. O.* (*Paumgartner*). *Philips NBL* 5031.

This record has completely enchanted me. Each work is a jewel enhanced by the flautist's beautifully round tone and understanding. Just listen to the dance from *Orfeo* and you will be convinced. Tovey considered the Andante Mozart's most perfect work for the flute—be that as it may, it is certainly something from another world. The two concerti bewitch the ear as well, so, as the recording and surfaces throughout my copy are very good, I strongly recommend it.

GOYESCAS AND EL PELELE (*Granados*). *A. Iturbi* (*piano*) *HMV. ALP* 1320 and *A. de Larrocha* (*piano*). *Brunswick AXTL* 1080.

These attractive pieces are well-known to balletgoers, as so many choreographers have turned to them. I was delighted to find that de Larrocha had recorded the first four *Goyescas* and *El Pelele*—remember her playing of the Spanish dances? The last two, I hope, will follow soon on a 10 inch disc—the same format as Magaloff's. Amparo Iturbi, who is José's sister, gets it all onto one 12 inch disc but she has not the smoothness of line of de Larrocha, who also gives the impression of having a considerable reserve of strength. The recorded tone is not always good but nevertheless de Larrocha is undoubtedly my choice with Magaloff second.

RAVEL'S PIANO WORKS (complete). *Gieseking* (*piano*). *Columbia* 33*CXS* 1050, 33*CX* 1051-2.

At least three of these works have attracted many choreographers. The first that comes to mind is, of course, Ashton and his lovely *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*. He also used *Pavane pour une Infante défunte* in the early days of Ballet Club but it was Kurt Jooss' treatment of it—the atmosphere of the Court and the frustrated Infanta were beautifully captured. Lastly, Alan Carter and his *Vier mal Vier*, the most recent of many ballets to be set to *Le Tombeau de Couperin*, has won a large success. Of Gieseking's approach and playing, I have only the highest praise even though, technically, others may momentarily appear to supersede him. This is a wonderful set.

NURSERY SUITE AND OVERTURE: IN THE SOUTH (*Elgar*) *L.P.O.* (*Boult*). *HMV ALP* 1359.

de Valois' early ballet was as charming as that suite of Elgar's that so delighted our Queen when she was but a small girl. And in turn, this recording is bound to give a lot of pleasure. There is no question that Sir Adrian is one of the finest interpreters of this composer and in the Overture faithfully depicts the colouring of the Italian scene. You can't go wrong in buying this record.

LA BOÎTE À JOUYOUX (*Debussy*). HISTOIRES (*Ibert*). *Menahem Pressler* (*piano*). *Parlophone PMC* 1027.

Debussy unfortunately did not live to see the first performance of his ballet, the orchestration of which was completed by Caplet. But here we have his original piano score, which I am sure would have met with his approval. There is much in this piece that is worthy of better acquaintance. Pressler proves his musicianship by an equally well considered performance of Ibert's witty *Histoires*—the recording is good.

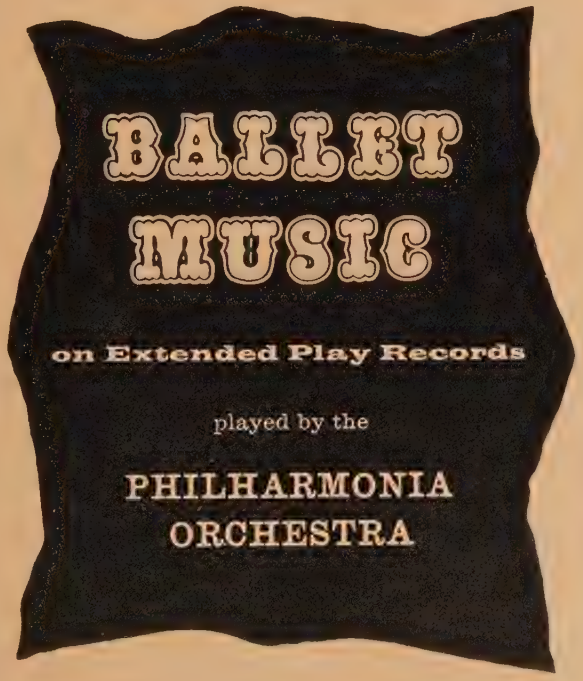
BACH'S FOUR ORCHESTRAL SUITES. *Munich Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra* (*Redel*) *London DTL* 93073-4.

Mariella Alessandri and Lifar have used the first and third respectively of these orchestral suites, and of course the second is Fokine's *Les Elements*. It is astonishing how wide is the balletic range to which Bach's works have been set, particularly if you include *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*! I prefer this issue to Otto Klemperer, although it suffers from a certain over-scholarly reading by Redel. The recording is very clear.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI and CAPRICCIO ITALIEN (*Tchaikovsky*). *L.S.O.* (*Collins*) *Decca LXT* 5186.

This disc brings back very pleasant memories of Lichine's ballet such as Tchernicheva's tragic Francesca, the dramatic fight on the ramparts and the Heavenly Vision inspired by Botticelli. It is also very well conducted by Collins—definitely the best I have heard. I prefer Galliera's *Capriccio Italien* but nevertheless this one does not

Continued on next page



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Danza finale;

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The Bolshoi Dancers

(*continued from page* 10)

part of The Bird Girl in the ballet *Shurale* and Aurora in *Sleeping Beauty*.

I had the pleasure of seeing her dance the part of Maria in *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai* at the Bolshoi last summer. She immediately struck me by her expressiveness and deep understanding of the role of Maria.

Her conflict with Khan Girei, which is expressed in a Pas de Deux with Girei is a finely etched portrait of Maria's inaccessibility to the unbridled passions of the Khan. Her pas de bourrée in the finale, where she appears from behind the Fountain of Tears, to pass as a spirit before Girei as he bows immobile in his grief, brings out to the full the great power of humanity and love before which the wild and ruthless Khan bows in humble submission.

NINA TIMOFEYEVA.

Twenty year old Nina Timofeyeva got her big chance through the sudden illness of the ballerina who was due to dance Odette/Odile. At a moments notice—the same day in fact—she was told that she would be sharing this dual role with Alla Ossipienko. On that occasion in June 1954, Nina danced the part of Odile.

Unlike Ossipienko who was already established as a soloist, the young Timofeyeva was unknown. She had only joined the corps-de-ballet twelve months previously after leaving the ballet school of the Kirov Theatre, and now she was to share the leading role in Leningrad's greatest theatre.

However, the suddenness of being selected for such a role by maître de ballet Lophukov, did not stop Nina from giving a performance which received the acclaim of audience and critics alike. From her performance it was obvious that she was destined for great things. Since that memorable evening she has danced the part of Odette/Odile several times. As one of the critics commented in the Russian magazine *Theatre*, " she has proved to be no ' flash in the pan ' ".

In view of the absence of Maya Plisetskaya, we may in all probability see her dancing Odette/Odile at Covent Garden.

Comment has been passed on Timofeyeva's Black Swan pas-de-deux, which the critics praise as being much more mature, and brilliantly balanced than her Odette, in which she still needs some guidance to enable her to find the fullness of character.

Timofeyeva prefers to model her Odette/Odile on that of the celebrated Marina Semenyova, of whom she says, " Semenyova's Odette shows her love imperiously not obediently, that is closer to my understanding." (*Photo above*).

ERIK BRUHN (*continued from page* 15)

in the right place! But he never showed any sign of this in a performance that was in no way tentative and in what is considered one of the most difficult of male roles. For, in the first act the actor has to subtly balance the prince-posing-as-peasant aspect of the role and, in spite of somewhat caddish behaviour, keep the sympathy of the audience; in the second the dancer, in some long sequences, must show every sign of mimed fatigue, yet with such control and expression that any real fatigue is concealed from his audience. All this Bruhn did magnificently and at the same time—thanks to his Danish training —fully captured that atmosphere of the Romantic ballet so essential to *Giselle*. His partnering of Markova was superb. There is no need to enlarge on her interpretation of a role in which she is the greatest living exponent and which is well-known to readers in this country; but P. W. Manchester describing the matinee says that the ballerina seemed caught up in an ecstasy in which she carried Bruhn with her, and that between them they gave a performance unsurpassed in our time. Miss Manchester, who was the first editor of *Ballet Today* and is now managing editor of the American *Dance News*, is one of ballet's most distinguished and unbiassed critics. She also said that, in time to come, it would be the proud boast of those present on this occasion that they saw Bruhn when he danced Albrecht for the first time.

He himself says that he found the role the most satisfying of any he had undertaken and this was due to the inspiration of working with the great ballerina, who generously passed on to him all that she had learnt, felt and knew about the ballet during the years she has danced it. Her approach was so deep and sincere and yet, at the same time, so simple that it could not fail to inspire, and he feels he can look forward with confidence to developing the part, and that this study of *Giselle* with Markova has helped him in his approach to almost every other role.

Now that we have had the opportunity of seeing this piece as presented by Ballet Theatre during their visit to Covent Garden, I am in full agreement with Miss Manchester—though Bruhn was no longer partnered by Markova and not helped by a production lacking in certain essential qualities.

Though his career may appear to have unfolded smoothly and under the most favourable circumstances it has had, in common with most great artists, its share of set-backs, problems and depressions, coupled always with the unceasing hard work that is the dancer's lot: " but," says Erik Bruhn, " if you have with sincerity and love devoted yourself to your art, then the most difficult times can be seen as part of the work and development of a dancer, artist and personality, and are in the end some of the most rewarding."

Which seems to bring me back to the beginning of my story and the attitude of a small boy towards his first attack of stage fright.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

I have been a reader of BALLET TODAY for two years and have enjoyed much I have read therein, but the Aug./Sept. issue beats them all in my opinion. Your Editorial on the Covent Garden finances was most valuable and informative—I hope it comes to the attention of the right persons, but above all your remarks on Mr. Frederick Ashton were tremendously gratifying to this American admirer of him and his work. I hope and pray that you will be proved an accurate prophetess for I agree with you wholeheartedly that his inestimable contribution to English ballet deserves even more than the C.B.E.

Thank you so much for voicing my own thoughts in print. I wish you the best of luck in the continued publication of BALLET TODAY.

Gratefully,
Nan Stuart Smith,
171, W.-12th Street,
New York City 11.

RECORDS (*Continued from previous page*)

come far behind. If you want these two works for your library, then you need not hesitate.

Those who saw Moiseyev's Russian troupe last winter, will be pleased to have Philips' NBR6035 which recalls the gaiety and vitality of his well drilled dancers. The Decca recording, LXT5164, of Tchaikovsky's *First Piano Concerto*—Etcheverry's ballet, *Concerto*—and Liszt's *Hungarian Fantasia* is satisfactory, apart from occasional piano tone, but the performance is not my cup of tea. Gamba's tempi and the incredible speed of Katchen's fingers I found on occasion too much of a good thing.

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DANCING CAN BE DANGEROUS

By DONALD F. FEATHERSTONE, M.C.S.P.

THE lower extremities of the dancer are as important as the fingers of the concert pianist. They are subjected to frequently repeated minor and major strains, the lesser conditions often assuming major proportions because of neglect or incorrect treatment. Assuming that the dancer is an athlete, it is feasible to consider that the injuries and strains sustained whilst dancing are athletic injuries and should be treated as such. This involves the use of specialised techniques and methods designed to return the injured person to their desired activity with a minimum of delay, thus ensuring little loss of form and only a minor depreciation in the muscle-tone gained by many hours of patient and arduous practice.

All injuries sustained by the young, reasonably fit person, will clear up eventually in reasonable fashion without medical aid, but in such a manner as to cause repeated trouble and recurrent strains frequently lasting throughout a career. It is very important to realise that the disability period following any injury is entirely proportionate in its periodicity to the speed with which the injury is initially treated. Neglect causes permanent weakness, a good example being that of the pulled or strained muscle, when the break in the fibres is repaired by hard, inelastic fibrous tissue which adheres to the surrounding, elastic healthy tissue, thus causing acute pain each time the muscle is stretched. Adequate physiotherapy treatment, including various forms of heat and massage with progressive remedial exercises, causes the fibrous scar tissue to be replaced as it forms by healthy elastic muscle tissue, thus leaving no residual weakness.

Also very important, and regrettably little touched upon, is the need for teachers and those in supervision to be given a better grounding in the elementary medical problems which may at any time face them. This enables them to make possible the early inception of the correct medical treatment and for them to work with increased interest and understanding in co-operation with those members of the medical profession who are experienced in the treatment of these acute, recent injuries.

The dancer is subject to specific foot, ankle and leg injuries, during her training and performance. Amongst these injuries are muscle strains or " pulls ", ligament strains of the ankle and knees and even fractures of a minor nature. During taps the small muscles and bones of the soles of the feet can suffer much harm, the same area takes a pounding also during the execution of aerials, for that reason soft, sponge rubber insoles are helpful. During acrobatics almost anything can happen, the split is a stunt involving complete abduction of the legs, sometimes causing rupture of the adductor muscles on the inner aspect of the thighs, when this happens strapping the legs together is the best emergency measure. Strain or complete rupture of the hamstring muscles at the back of the thighs sometimes occurs, being most often due to sudden muscular activity before the tissues have been adequately " warmed up ".

Dancer's Foot, technically known as Stress Fractures, are caused by sudden muscular contraction of the muscles of the foot, or by treading on a projecting object on the floor. Tears of the muscles of the calves, usually Plantaris muscle, are frequent—the first sign is a sudden, intense pain in the muscle causing the victim to think that he has been shot or struck with a stick. These tears can follow any sudden, excessive muscular effort or can be caused by an unbalanced, unco-ordinated movement. As with every muscle injury, they frequently occur because of lack of preparatory warming-up before commencing activity. Inflammation of the Achilles Tendon is fairly common and is often due to over-activity or to the prolonged wearing of heel-less shoes. The cure lies in raising the heels with padding and by bathing in alternate hot and cold water frequently. Muscle tears should not be treated with any form of heat or massage for the first 24 hours but should be strapped and supported by elastic adhesive strapping or a crepe bandage. After the 24 hours period, a routine of heat, massage and non-weight-bearing exercises (exercises carried out whilst sitting or lying) are the treatment.

The sprained ankle is probably the most common injury of everyday life, consisting of an automatically-reduced dislocation of the bones forming the ankle joint, caused by a sudden twist or wrench. This injury will spontaneously recover in four to six weeks, it is therefore the aim of the physiotherapist to reduce that period or to even eliminate the disability and keep the patient at full activity during the healing period. This is done by a supporting strapping of adhesive plaster with sponge rubber padding put on in such a fashion as to support the torn ligament (usually on the outside of the ankle joint). Coupled with frequent exercise sessions with the foot in hot water, this routine will reduce the injury to merely nuisance value. A very dramatic and useful cure can sometimes be effected by means of an injection of anaesthetic into the injured ligament.

Although it would seem feasible to completely rest an injured limb or joint, this is not the case. Whilst the limb should be freed from weight-bearing (i.e. walking, standing etc.) mobilising exercises should be carried out with the limb in a supported position, this keeps the injury in a supple condition and aids the local blood circulation. During the later treatment of a muscle injury, supervised exercises are essential to restore function and strength to muscles, possibly weakened through disuse.

It has been forcibly demonstrated that, if adequately treated from the moment of injury, the disability period is substantially reduced and a very satisfactory and lasting result is obtained. Even so, the beneficial training, poise, balance, muscular development and exercise that are obtained from the very pleasurable pursuit of dancing more than outweigh and compensate for any harmful effects that may occasionally result.

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BALLET GUIDE

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Romeo and Juliet

5th (Friday)
Le Lac des Cygnes

6th (Saturday)
No Matinee

6th (Saturday eve.)
Romeo and Juliet

8th (Monday)
Le Lac des Cygnes

9th (Tuesday)
The Fountain of Bakhchisarai

10th (Wednesday)
Le Lac des Cygnes

11th (Thursday)
The Fountain of Bakhchisarai

12th (Friday)
Giselle

13th (Saturday mat.)
Romeo and Juliet

13th (Saturday eve.)
Giselle

15th (Monday)
Giselle

16th (Tuesday)
Le Lac des Cygnes

17th (Wednesday)
The Fountain of Bakhchisarai

18th (Thursday)
The Fountain of Bakhchisarai

19th (Friday)
Romeo and Juliet

20th (Saturday mat.)
The Fountain of Bakhchisarai

20th (Saturday eve.)
Le Lac des Cygnes

22nd (Monday)
Romeo and Juliet

23rd (Tuesday)
Romeo and Juliet

24th (Wednesday)
Le Lac des Cygnes

25th (Thursday)
The Fountain of Bakhchisarai

26th (Friday)
Le Lac des Cygnes

27th (Saturday mat.)
The Fountain of Bakhchisarai

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Romeo and Juliet

Evenings at 7.30 p.m.
Matinees Saturdays 1.30 p.m.

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET on TOUR

Oct. 1st to 13th
Davis Theatre, Croydon

Oct. 15th to 27th
Hippodrome Theatre, Coventry

Oct. 29th to Nov. 3rd
New Theatre, Oxford

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET On Tour

W/c Sept.	24th	*Theatre Royal, Newcastle.*
Oct.	1st	*Grand Theatre, Leeds.*
	8th	*Holiday week.*
	15th	*De Montfort Hall, Leicester.*
	22nd	*Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool.*
	29th	*King's Theatre, Glasgow.*

ANTONIO AND HIS SPANISH BALLET

Sept. 18 for eight weeks, *Palace Theatre, London.*

Three different programmes will be given during the eight-week season.

The four new ballets in the first programme are:
Triana, Por Mirabra, Fantasia Galeica, Pas de Quatre.

The second programme commences on October 8th for 3 weeks and will include the world premiere of a new ballet.

The last programme will commence on October 29th.

LONDON BALLET CIRCLE.

On Sunday, October 21st, 1956, at 3 p.m., Mme. Katrina Tamarova will give a recital and a short talk to the Circle, on "The art of the Castanet in Spanish Dancing", in the Salle Erard, 18 Great Marlborough Street, W.1. All welcome.

INVITATION TO THE DANCE

SCATTERED through the pages of our magazine for the past two or three years have been references to Gene Kelly's film-in-the-making *Invitation to the Dance*. So it was, with memories of long-promised childhood treats which rarely came up to expectations, that I went along to the London private showing just before the première at the Edinburgh Festival, where it was seen by Her Majesty the Queen.

I need not have feared because Gene Kelly has put into this film the enthusiasm of a man bent on fulfilling a long standing ambition—in this case the desire to tell a series of stories in music and dancing with no dialogue.

INVITATION to the Dance is in two episodes. *Circus* with Gene Kelly as the clown in love with the beautiful equestrienne (Claire Sombert). In an effort to woo her attention away from the romantic high-wire walker (Igor Youskevitch) whom she loves, he plunges to his death.

Above:
Claire Sombert and Igor Youskevitch in Circus.

Right:
Gene Kelly, Claire Sombert and Igor Youskevitch in the same episode.

The second episode is *Ring Around the Rosy* the story of a bracelet presented by a husband (David Paltenghi) to his wife (Daphne Dale) at a party held to celebrate the completion of her portrait by the artist (Igor Youskevitch) with whom she is infatuated. She gives him the bracelet, he passes it to his model (Claude Bessy). The model is interested only in her flash lover (Tommy Rall), the bracelet again changes hands this time into the keeping of the femme fatale (Belita), who in turn gives it to her lover the Crooner (Irving Davies) who has eyes only for the Hat Check Girl (Diana Adams). The Marine (Gene Kelly) returns to find his sweetheart the Hat Check Girl wearing the bracelet and, disillusioned, takes it from her to bestow it upon the first girl he meets, the Girl-on-the-Stairs (Tamara Toumanova).

Delighted with her expensive bauble, she flashes it about and it is seen by the husband, the original purchaser, who buys it back from her to once again give it to his erring but now repentant wife.

There is some fine dancing in these two episodes as one would expect from such an array of talent, but the most startling and brilliantly conceived film followed —*The Magic Lamp*. This is an astonishing combination of live action and cartoon techniques, in which Gene Kelly as the sailor buys a magic lamp and with it gets the Genie, young David Kasday. Together they dance into a world of fantasy peopled by cartoon characters. Kelly's dancing with the Sultan's daughter has to be seen to be believed. It was worth waiting those two years—more Gene please.

★ ★ ★

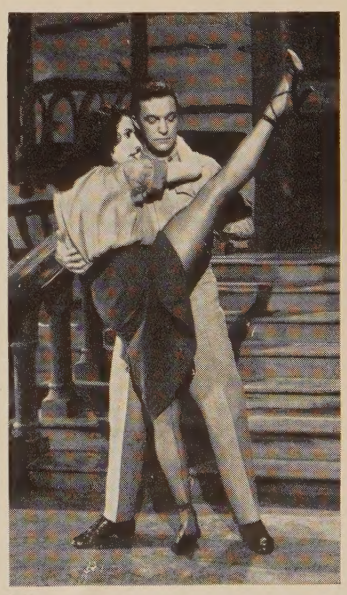
Circus. Music by Jacques Ibert. Conducted by John Hollingsworth; played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Ring Around The Rosy. Music composed and conducted by Andre Previn (The composer at the piano.)

Direction and Choreography by Gene Kelly.

Bottom left:
Claude Bessy as the model, and Igor Youskevitch as the artist.

Bottom right:
Tamara Toumanova as the girl on the stairs and Gene Kelly as the marine.



ALL THE STARS

Alicia Markova
Margot Fonteyn
Nadia Nerina
Svetlana Beriosova
Violetta Elvin
Elaine Fifield
Rowene Jackson
Natalie Krassovska
Beryl Grey

KNOW

Ballet

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